

A Simple Wedding

Leigh Duncan

“No buts. If you need to adjust the plans, just do it.” He managed to angle his body away from hers, a move that backfired when he ended up facing her. Staring down at Jenny’s pert features, he cleared his throat. “Why waste the energy fighting it? If you know it’s something you’re going to end up doing anyway, you’ll save yourself a lot of time and heartache if you just tackle it head on.”

Jenny’s dark eyes brightened. “That’s exactly what I needed to hear. Thanks, Nick.”

“Now, how can I help?”

She reached out. Her fingers barely made contact with his arm, but her touch sent tingles of awareness coursing through him. He tried telling himself that his was nothing more than the usual reaction of a man in the presence of a pretty woman, but he knew there was more to it than that. He was dangerously close to crossing a line with Jenny, something he absolutely wouldn’t do. Not even if she wanted him to.

“Well.” Jenny tilted her head and issued a challenge. “I need a bigger cake.”

“No problem.” He could easily add another layer to her wedding cake, maybe even two. But something in Jenny’s expression triggered a flicker of doubt. Had he just commit-

ted to more than he could deliver? Not exactly sure he was going to like her answer, he ventured a tentative, “How much bigger?”

Her gaze cut to one side. “Enough to serve two hundred and fifty guests.”

“Whooo.” Air whistled through his teeth. That was a *lot* more cake.

“I’ve been having second thoughts about the flavor, too.”

“Okay,” he said bracing himself. He’d known about Jenny’s soft spot for chocolate since the day they met. But to craft a cake in her favorite flavor for that many people would require extra work. He’d need to dowels to support each layer of the dense, heavy...

“Almond,” she said firmly.

Not chocolate? He frowned, recalling how her nose had scrunched up during the tasting. She didn’t even like almond.

“And it needs more, uh.”

“More what?” he asked, growing more perplexed by the moment.

“It needs more pizzazz.”

He took a breath. Of all the brides he’d worked with over the years, he would have sworn Jenny was the least likely to want a lavishly decorated cake. But maybe he didn’t know her as well as he thought he did. “I could pipe the icing to match the pattern of your dress,” he suggested, certain she’d consider the idea too ornate. “And add a cascade of rose-gold flowers down one side.”

A happy smile teased Jenny’s lips. “Yes. That’s it. Exactly.”

Nick folded his arms across his chest. They said no good deed went unpunished. He should have known offering advice to a bride-to-be would come back to haunt him. This larger, fancier cake would take the better part of a week to

create. Worse, just when he'd sworn he'd keep his distance from Jenny, he'd have to work closely with her on a whole new design. "I'll get on it first thing in the morning," he promised on his way to the stairs.

"I'll stop by in the afternoon so we can go over the particulars. Save me a cupcake?"

Though he automatically agreed, he shook his head as he headed for the van. His determination to keep his distance from Jenny had lasted less than two minutes before she'd melted it, just like she'd melted his heart.